## REPUBLICAN SENATORS

Some Noted Statesmen at the North End of the Capitol.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Palmer, Manderson, Hoar, Dawes Allison, Frye, Morrill and Others.



HIS skotch repre liveliest and rightest of the ators. He comes

Nebraska, and he thinks that the whole world re-Volves around Omaha, He is a man of broad deas and culture, but he is first a Ne braskan, and he can talk by the hour about the great resources and wonderful possibilities of its fast growing country. He says that Omaha is rivaling Kansas City; that it will soon surpass it, and he thinks it is bound to be the great packing centre of the West. Manderson, however, owns a nice bit of property in Omaha, and it may be that his real estate interests somewhat affect his judgment. Kansas City is booming, and its growth is proportionately about the same as that of Omaha.

SENATOR MANDERSON braskan, and he can talk by the hour SENATOR MANDERSON

sits in the middle of the Republican side of the chamber, and, during a part of the session, he hobnobs with John Sherman. He is a much younger man than Sherman and he was just 50 last week. He was born in Philadelphia, moved to Ohio, fought in the army and came out a general. After the war was over he returned to Can-ton and moved to Omaha about seventeen years ago. He is a straight, finelooking young man, with a fierce moustache and imperial, and with an moustache and imperial, and with an eye which, at rest, is as mild as that of the gazelle, which Moore loved so well. His brown hair is combed well back from a broad, bigh forehead, and he is one of the few Senators who do not have to use hair restoratives. He is a man of ability, and he is one of the Senators who think in good language. He can diotate as easily as he can write. ators who think in good language. He can dictate as easily as he can write, and he makes speeches so good that during his trip to Florida last spring he met a young man who told Manderson that he was modeling his style after his, and that he had a pile of Manderson's speeches as thick as a dictionary and it was as well thumbed as a two-year-old spellin ry popular man

in the st good friend enemy. He is of the youngest Senators at heart, and there is no dyspepsia about his constitution. He is the best travelor I have ever met, and during the trip to Cuba he saw more than any other member of the Sherman party. He was up early and went to bed late, and he can and went to bed late, and he can make now an accurate map of Havana, which is a city of several hundred thousand, and modeled quite as intricately as Boston, from memory. Senator Manderson has been living in one of the big hotels of Omaha, but I understand that he has either built, or intends building, a new house, and when this is completed he will give up his workshop. pleted he will give up his workshop in the barn upon his Omaha lot. This barn is almost as well built as a house, and it has constituted, for a year or so, the Senator's sanctum sanctorum. where he received his closest friends and did some of his best political work. MRS. MANDERSON

is one of the popular women of Washington society. She is rather tall, plump, straight and fine looking. She has a complexion clear and rosy, and she is noted for her vivacity. She dresses in the best of taste, and she thinks Charley Manderson is the best fellow in Washington, and she is not far out of the way. Mrs. Manderson far out of the way. Mrs. Manderson was a Canton, Ohio, girl, and her father, Mr. A. S. Brown, was one of the prominent lawyers of that State. she comes of one of the oldest families of Ohio, and one of her grand fathers settled there when the State was twelve years old, and he was one of those who nominated Millard Fill-more for Vice-President at the Philadelphia convention of 1848. Senator Manderson and his wife live very nicely at the Portland flats, and Mrs. Manderson's receptions are always largely attended.

SENATOR PALMER. Manderson's good nature and bo homie is only equaled by that of Mr

Palmer, and the one is the fidus. Achates of the The man is happy who knows Tom Palmer, and if he isn't it's never Palmer's fault. He has more good humor allied to the common sense which has grown round every molecule of his 200 bound

SENATOR PALMER. frame than any other man I know, and his farm manager says he ough to have for his epitaph the words:
"Rare Tom Palmer." Another close
friend of his on hearing this said it
made him almost weep to think of
Palmer ever needing an epitaph, but
that he could suggest a better one, and this was a quotation from Shaks-peare's "King Lear:"

Poor Tom's a-cold! Still, Palmer does not let-the future still, Palmer does not let the future bother him. The present is good enough to suit him, and he has a gen-erous philosophy which, if more common, would make the world more happy. He is broad in his views of humanity, and believing in the giving of every man a chance, he succeeds, notwithstanding his liberality. father was well to do, but not rich, and young Tom had a good education at Ann Arbor, which he supplemented by travels through the Southern States, through South America and Spain. He has made a fortune in lumber, and it is safe to say that at east \$2,000,000 of the several million dollars which he has are the result of his own work. He married well, too and his wife is a descendant of Governor Winslow of Massachu-Governor Winslow of Massachusetts, and her father, Mr. Merrill, was one of the well to do men of Detroit, and a large business block of that city bears his name. Senator Palmer has also blue blood in his veins, and one of his ancestor that the second of the second of

of the Northwest Territory for some time, and Senator Palmer still has the old Dutch clock which he brought with him from Vermont to the wilds

of Michigan. Palmer is a bigger man than Manderson. He tips the beam at 200 pounds, and he is tall and well made. He is rather a flowery speaker, though he dips deeply into facts now and then, and his speeches bristle with points. Manderson likes to get off a joke on Falmer, and his latest refers PALMER'S SPEECH ON HIS IMMIGRATION

which was hardly up to the standard of some of the flowery speeches he made last summer to the college boys at Ann Arbo., Mich. Manderson says that the trouble about this son says that the trouble about this immigration speech was that Palmer keeps two secretaries, one of which is known as the "rhetorical secretary," and the other as "the statistical secretary," and that the two are expected to work together with all the harmony of Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Byrnes. But just as the time for this immigration speech came on, "the rhetorical secretary" grew suddenly ill, and the result was that Palmer's speech was all figures. I called upon Senator Palmer and asked blim as to this fact. I found him prancing around the I found him prancing around the billiard table at the back of his office, in his shirt sleeves, and striking at the balls with a cue which looked as though it had been used by Noah in the ark, and was worn down into a cane. 'He was leading the "rhetorical secretary" a lively dance to beat him, and through the door in the next room I saw the "statistical secretary" grinding away with and the tary" grinding away with and try-ing to musticate some of the millions of figures in the New York World's Almanac. The New



DAWES AND HOAR. enator asked me to sit down and see low the pioneer statesman worked. I did so, and was regaled for an hour with bits of Cicero, Shakspeare, Marcus Arelius and other choice quotations with which Palmer varied his philosophic conversation between his skillful taps of the ivory balls. In fact, however, Palmer's speeches bear fact, however, Palmer's speeches bear the plain marks of Palmer himself, and he has a certain individuality which shows out for itself. He is well read and cultured, and he has as much good common sense as his Bercheron horses, who, he says, far

surpass humans.
Here is a slice of Massachusetts, and these two venerable men are the Senators from the great State of cod and colleges. Senator Hoar is a smooth faced man in spees, with a patriarchal, innocent, grandfatherly air, and the gray-bearded, bright-eyed man at his side is Senator Dawes.

SENATOR HOAR is a man of extraordinary culture. He has never wasted his leisure, and I am told at the Congressional Library that he knows more than the dictionary. He is thoroughly up 22 matters of American history, and he has the Constitution, the Federalist, and the 200 and more volumes of the Congressional Record by heart. He is well up on other things outside of America, and he knows books like a bibliophile. He can tell you the editions, and had he devoted as much time to money making as he has to his reading he would be worth a fortune. One of Hoar's peculiarities is that he will not submit to interview. that he will not submit to interview, and he prefers, he says, to write his own views, over his own name, for his own paper.

This is unfortunate for the other papers! Hoar boards here at Washington. and he is a student rather than a society beau.

s one of the oldest men in Congress and he had a long term in the House before he came to the Senate. He is an older man than Hoar, though he does not look it, and Keim's Handbook says that he "is remarkably well preserved, being in perfect vigor of intellect and body." No one who has ever seen Senator Dawes speak would ubt the truth of this statement, for doubt the truth of this statement, for he has as many gestures as he has muscles, and he enforces his orations with all the gyrations of an Indiarubber man at the circus. He is a man of brains, too, and he has been noted as a sympathizer with the poor Indian. He does not agree with Phil. Sheridan that "the best Indian is a dead Indian," and he has as broadviews of most problems as had Charles Sumner, whom he succeeded. Senator Dawes' wife is one of the cultured Dawes' wife is one of the cultured women of Washington, and his daughter is a writer of books. Miss Annie Dawes, however, does not choose wishy-washy subjects to elucidate with her pen, and the fact that her books, "How We Are Governed' and "The Modern Jew," are widely read, shows that she is a chip of the



ALLISON AND A MESSENGER. This is a very good pose of Senato Allison, as he stands with his hands behind him there at the back of the Senate, talking with a man who looks like a Senator, but who is in reality a messenger. Allison is straight, tall and rather inclined to stoutness. He wears good clothes, and he buttons his double-breasted frock coat tightly around him. He is noted for his diplomacy, and Ingalls once said that he could walk on the bare floor from one end of the Senate Chamber to the other with Dutch clogs and make no cestors was in Congress at almost the beginning of the Government, and he was also one of the Territorial Judges of the Northwest appointed by President Jefferson, He acted as Governor well as a politician, He

in Oldo when Andrew Jackson was scrying his first term as President, and he went to school near Cleveland. He practiced law at Ashland, Ohio, and you may hear many a good story there of how this Iowa Senator outwitted his young fellow lawyers at the bar. He moved West at 32, and he was in Congress eight years before he was elected to the Senate. He is a man of some means and unbounded ambition, and his political friends are many. He is looked upon as heir perspective of Blaine's possibilities, and the Presidential beauth burnering. perspective of Blaine's possibilities, and the Presidential bee is bumming about his head, though whether it will sting him remains to be seen. Senator Allison is a widower. He keeps house, however, and has a fine residence not far from that of Senator Morrill.

One of the best speeches of the present session was Senator Frye's on the tariff, and Frye is one of the the Republican aide of the damber. His seat is and near the central nisie. When he speaks he leaves his seat and walks up and

He grows enthusiastic as he gets into his subject, cuts the air with his gestures, and pounds the desks of his fellow Senators as he enforces his points. He is very clear in his thought, and there is a spice of satire that creeps now and then into his speeches which is hardly appreciated by some of his fellow Senators.

Senator Frye is a radical Republican. He votes the straight ticket, and does not scruple to call things by Republican names. He is tall, straight and rather boyish-looking, though he is 56 years old, and his hair looks as though it had been peppered by a SENATOR PRYS down the aisle.

is on years old, and his hair looks as though it had been peppered by a white powder-box. He is a man of culture, being a graduate of Bowdoin, and he has been in politics during the greater part of his life. He succeeded James G. Blaine as chairman of the Republican State Committee of Maine, in 1881, and he had tee of Maine in 1881, and he had served twelve years in the lower nouse before he took Blaine's seat in the Senate. Senator Frye is just now packed full of his last summer's trip to Europe, and during his speech in the Senate he mentioned the fact that the workmen of Glasgow were idle for a whole week during his stay there, and that this must come from over-pro-duction. Senator Beck, however, says that this was fair week, and Frye did not know it. Frye, however, is an acute observer, and he says he found people living on starvation wages all over Europe, girls in Venetian fac-tories working for five cents a day, and that the highest wages of the iron workers of Belgium was not over

eighty cents a day. He found day. He found 40,000 families in Glasgow living in one room each, and, he says, that 80,000 women who are employed in the Manchester n the Manchester mills, make less than \$1.50 a week. He says that one-third of the working peo-

the working peo-ple of Europe are poorer than the SENATOR MOREILL. poorest of America, and, in fact, he

could not be otherwise.

Speaking of the tariff, however, the veteran tariff man in the Senate to bustin S. Morrill, whose head has grown gray in the survert of profes-tion, and whose noted bill, known as the Morrill tariff bill, of 1861, is known to every student of political economy. Morrill is the patriarch of Congress, and he was born when the world was just 78 years younger than it now is. He came to the House of Representatives with John Sherman, and he has been thirty-four years in the United States Senate. Sherman entered the Senate some years before him, and he has had a longer Senatorial service, I think, than he, but Morrill, who ranks as the father of the Senate, is now a hale old man. He is a student and also a writer. He is noted for his rounded sentences, and he is a good conversationalist His wife comes of one of the old families of New England, and Senator Morrill lives very nicely at Washington in his house facing Thomas Circle. Frank G. Carpenter.

THE GENIUS OF THE BOTTLE. There's a queer little bottle stands here on

my desk, It is shaped like a boat and is quite With a figure-head just the least trifle

It holds in its depths, though you never may know it,
And I may not wholly be able to show it,
The treasures of romancer, bandit and

There are staid, sober facts for the solemn and wise. And fables for those who like truth in disguise; There are sweet dreams and fancies that

There are songs that are sweet as the voice of the lark.

There are jests that belong to the days of the ark. There are arrows of wit that fly straight to the mark.

And tales of devotion and honor and And stories of danger and beauty and That quicken the pulse in the bosom of

There are truths that flash out like a, sword in the fight. That shine like a star in the darkness of right, To guide straying feet from the wrong to

There are sweet psalms of faith, full many And solace for sorrow and praises serene And glad songs of strength whereon weak-ness may lean.

All this in the bottle, although I can't And the Genius stands there in his glory This strange little bottle Ah, me! how I

And whatever he gives of its marvelous With pride that is humble I bring to your And grateful and happy I pay evermore. O Genius that stands on this strange bot-

the's brink.
O aid me forever and ever to link.
My heart to the world in this bottle of ink. CARLOTTA PERRY.

Another Music Ride. There will be another music ride at the Riding Academy this evening at 8 o'clock. There will be a very pretty drill, a game of jeu de tose and hurdle jumping. These Saturday night rides have come o be very popular with society people. Secure your tickets - Potomac Boat Club Fair,

AN EDITOR'S FAREWELL. The Valedictory Appearance of the

"Roaring Spring Examiners" Fred. Carroth in the Chicago Tri bune: In 1870 a young man named Lawler came out to the city of Roar-Spring (since extinct) and started the "Roaring Spring Examiner." He, following the usual custom, boomed everything in sight, beside a good many invisible things, endangered his chances of salvation a dozen times in every issue by his disregard for the truth in referring to his fellow cititruth in referring to his fellow citizens, and made a paper generally which they ought to have appreniated, but didn't. He struggled for a year and decided to give it up, especially as a mortgage was being foreclosed on his type and presses as fast, or a little faster, than the law allowed. Below is an extract from the valodictory, he walking out of the part of the part of the control of the part of th walking out of town the night before it appeared and leaving directions for the boy to put the papers in the post-office next morning:

"We have worked pretty hard to please the mossbacks and jayhawkers living in Roaring Spring, but it seems they don't want to be pleased. "We referred to the Western Hotel as 'sumptuous and elegant in all its appointments,' the same week we were carried out of its dining-room insensible under the influence of its tenth-rate canned goods and poison-

"We have spoken of old man Wil-kin as our 'efficient and scholarly justice of the peace,' while at the very time we were writing the words the old soaker was under our office drunk and bumping his head up against the loor, having crawled there under the impression that he was going to bed in a sleeping car moving forty miles an hour.
We have lied about the prospect

for a railroad coming here when we knew there were more chances that Neah's ark would sail through town than that a train of cars would ever get in hearing distance.
"We have howled about the aston-

ishing fertility of the soil near Roar-ing Spring in the same issue that we should have recorded the fact that the only man who ever took the Ecominer and paid for it had just starved
out trying to raise hen grass.

"We wrote a glowing account of a
visit to our 'well built and commodious court-house,' when the truth
is that a stray cow came out of the

is that a stray cow came out of the front door of it and tried to hook us over the fence when we first went up

to it.

"We noticed the 'cause for pardonable pride which we had in the fine condition of our streets,' the same day we had a good pair of boots pulled off by the mud, while going to the postoffice.

"We grew really eloquent over the

splendid opportunities that exist here for settlers,' when we knew that the only settler who arrived here this summer was promptly run into a saloon and cleaned out of his money in a poker game by Bill Kuhn, town clerk, and Dan Wooly, county com-

"We told of our 'sparkling drinking water, cool and delicious to the taste,' when we knew that there was so much alkali in it that, in washing our type with it, it had actually eaten the tails off the very commas we punctuated the statement with.

"We spoke of our winter climate as being 'clear and dry, rendering it quite impossible to feel the cold,' when only a month before the doctor figures under that thatch of iron gray hair. He is, of course, for protective tariff, and, as a radical Republican, he could not be otherwise.

"We found time to write a lengthy article on our 'beautiful spring weather, with just enough breeze to purify the air and make it healthful," even it we were any prosts; busy that week in sorting our type, which had been pied by the office being blown away and scattered over half the

"The week we were sunstruck we wrote a poem on Beautiful Summer and Roaring Spring; when Judge of Probate Dougherty had the jimjams and set the school house aftre in the night we laid it to the 'diabolical work of some villainous tramps'; when Nick Daggett and his wife tried to poison each other we shouted about the arsenic in the wall paper; the Packard family froze to death in a blizzard and we wept over the by that consumption should thus after a family without warning and swept away a whole household; a cyclone killed six and we sobbed over that 'fell destrover, epileptic fits, contracted in the army'; drink-ing alkali water hurried a dozen to an untimely grave, and in every case we bowed our head and through our sobs moaned out: 'Another good citizen killed in a runaway!' That's citizen killed in a runada. the way we've been standing a cfor the way we've been standing. This is you, but we are going to stop. This is the last Examiner. If the few re-maining dead beats in Roaring Spring will this evening cast their eyes through the gathering darkness they will see a tall, brainy young man, formerly engaged in the newspaper business in their midst, pass out from them through the gloaming on the trot. Good-bye. It is our earnest hope that we may not meet on a better thore; we couldn't meet on a worse

THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER. A Clever Scheme to Evade the Customs Officers.

Jeweller's Weekly: Smugglers must lie awake nights trying to evolve new schemes to evade the payment of duties; at least I imagine they must from the number of new schemes I am constantly obliged to be on the lookout for. No sooner do we begin to watch for passengers with the thick-soled shoes made by European shoemakers to accommodate the diamond smugglers, than we have to detect the woman with a bonnetful of jewelry. We seize enough, heaven knows, but not a fiftieth part of the contraband goods brought into this country are ever detected. The articles which seem to be most favored by the smugglers are diamonds, jewelry and watches, although silks and costly dress goods are by no means despised Diamonds, however, hold first rank

because of their portability and the small space which they occupy. Search in the most unlikely places has often revealed a mine of wealth. Only a few days ago, in the traveling-bag of a tourist just arrived was a very innocent-looking piece of tollet soap, which would never have been given a second glance by the inspector if it had not been for the evident anxiety displayed by the owner of the bag to get it back. Almost sshamed of himself, the officer pulled out his pocket knife and attempted to pierce that cake of soap. The travel-er's jaw fell and the officer's knifeblade met an obstruction at about the same time. There were just \$3,000 worth of rubles and diamonds inside

of that partly-used cake. The \$10,000 house is at 1418 Fifteenth Have you a lacky aumber?-\$10,000 FREAKS OF FASHION

Swords, Daggers and Rapiers as Ornaments of Female Beauty.

FRESH NOVELTIES IN FANS. Millions of Money Spent in the Purchase of Dangerous Cosmetles.

New York, Feb. 17,-It must not be supposed from a cursory glance at these unconsidered trifles that it is the fashion for all ladies to make a practice of carrying swords, rapiers and other warlike articles about with them; though, in view of the fashion of gunning and hunting, it might be so, only it isn't. These are the newest ornaments of female beauty, and are of various uses. Some ladies use them as hairpins, others as collar pins, and others on hats and bonnets, while



UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES. they are out of doors, and in holding draperies or bows of ribbon, or many of the other caprices for which women are famous. little women are famous. These little swords and daggers are about eight to ten inches long, and are of gilt, steel, or, in some few instances, of beautifully worked Damascus steel, inlaid with gold and enamel. One lady has one in gold.

Mrs. J. K. Hayward, who is daughter of Admiral Place, and she wares to of Admiral Place, and she wears it so constantly that it has come to be a distinguishing mark, and she would not look fully dressed if her delicate beauty were not enhanced by this pretty gold dagger employed in some way, either pinning on a bunch of flowers, holding some priceless lace in graceful festoons, or among her brown curls, or adding distinctiveness to one of her bonnets. Mrs. Frank Leslie also wears one of exquisite workman-ship, a real Toledo blade, and she is never seen without it, as there is always some point or part of her tollst where it is just what is needed! The head in the middle of this illustration is to show the newest style for dressing the hair for grand occasions and for home, and the combs as handsome accessories. These vary, some being in tortoise shell, some ivory, some silver, and even gold, while others are embellished with imitation diamonds. The metal combs are set. others are embelished with imitation diamonds. The metal combs are apt to cut the hair if worn often. But combs are decidedly pretty when properly adjusted. Sometimes as

many as three are worn at once
"fans are various," the sent
clerk of a leading nodes told me in
answer to my query, and so they are,
but I chose out three as representatives of the best styles in vogue this season. The largest one is made of gray hen's feathers, and is painted with a spray of lilies of the valley, and on one side is sewn a bunch



of those exquisite flowers. The flowers should always be natural ones. The round fan is of crape tightly drawn, pale green in color and with a gold handle. On it is painted a Spanish handle. On it is painted a Spanish scene. The white ostrich plume fan is a favorite, and it looks for all the world like a soft duster as it hangs loosely by the strings which fasten it to the dress. The one here represented was worn by Mrs. Alice Shaw, the whistling lady, who manages to whistle in some peculiar manner without puckering her face all un into selv wrinkles themed it is manner without puckering her face all up into ugly wrinkles, though it is safe to say she would never have tried to whistle in public if it had made her look ugly. That would be too much of human nature. That would be requiring

The desire for having something distinctive in dress leads the women to do many things which are inexcusable in any other way. A young married lady, who can afford a seal-skin wrapper, with a Watteau train, if she wants one, gave her furrier an order to make her a tight fitting lacket. order to make her a tight fitting jacket out of a tiger skin. The effect is startling. I saw her yesterday. The furrier has been careful to make all the markings match completely, and the beholder's eye is immediately attracted, and then beg is a necessity to trace each particular stripe, to make sure that the symmetry of the

marking has not been disturbed. Up one side and own the other the fascinated eye the beholder back of this rement, and the de the "Punch, brothers, punch with care," and when the lady leaves the room sidewise, as she did yesterday, the exasperated soul will cry out in its agony: If that young lady wanted to create a sensation or attract attention. she has done it

well. I am going TASTE AND COMMON to see her to-mor-SENSE. row, in hopes of seeing the other half of that back. Zebra skins would be of that back. Zebra skins would be charming, and leopard and giraffe lovely; and in the industry of hunting and preparing their diversified and pictorial outer coverings for our

lovely women there is a fortune for those who enjoy such things. As for me I haven't lost any tigers or

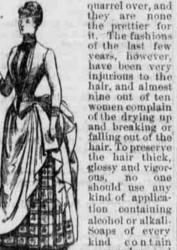
Once in a while, however, you find a lady who shows some taste and common sense, and that lady will wear a neat and graceful wrap, which is warm and suitable for all weather and almost all occasions, though it must be admitted that that same lady shows signs of word laws of mineral. shows signs of some lapse of principle in regard to her bounet, or perhaps that is a compromise between com-mon sense and the fashion. At any rate, we should be thankful that it is

Two very pretty, neat house dresses

attracted my at tention at a leading magazin, and as they are so simple in form that any lady who own dressmaker can copy them in she has, I present them. The one with the open front is of plush and silk crape in the original, and is very graceful and elegant, though it would be equally pretty using dark eashmere or camels' hair for the gown and some soft non front, of course

unities in the matter of color. PLUSH AND CRAPE. The other costume is one which can be worn in the house or alroad, and can be made of woolen or the new combinations for spring and summer wear. Lent is here, and during this period of fasting and mortification of the flesh the summer gowns will be made up. By next week I shall be able to tell all about the pretty things in store for us.

Women in this country spend money in cosmetles than
I pay the National debt and
a surplus bigger than
is now for the politicians to leave



tion containing alcohol or alkali Soaps of every more or less, and PRETTY HOUSE AND saleratus or STREET COSTUME. washing sod a and ammonia are all alkalies, and while they give the desired golden tint, penetrate the scalp at the roots of the hair and dissolve the fat follicles which nourish the

hair and keep it soft and flexible, and the same time vigorous and healthy. Bay rum is the worst thing of all, as the oil of laurel is poisonous, and acts by shriveling and paralyzing the nerve cells, and the alcohol used in the peoperation is usua. • the poorest mality.

There led to loca very good remedy for falling hair, but few now have the courage to use it, as it is made with oll which would destroy the frizzles. pint caster oil, one fluid ounce spirits camphor and one-half ounce sulphate quinine. Mix and shake well. Brush the scalp well, night and morning, and then rub about a dessert spoonful into the roots of the hair. Probably there is nothing better than

The Mexican, Greek, and Turkish women all have rich, thick, long, and glossy hair, and they all take the leaves of the common swamp willow and bruise them, and, to a double handful of bruised leaves, put two quarts of cold water, and let them stand in an earther week of the cold water. stand in an earthen vessel, over night, at least. Some keep the vessel al-ways full of leaves and water. Every morning they wet the roots of their hair with this water, which is highly tonic and slightly astringent, and they brush it out with a stiff brush. The habit, once formed, is continued through life, and even the oldest women have thick, handsome hair. OLIVE HARPER.

THREATENED WITH PROTEST. Wash. Connor's Joke on a Bank of

A story is told of Washington Con-

nor, Jay Gould's old partner in the stock brokerage business, which illustrates the proclivity of the Wall street man to play pranks in solemn places. Connor, during a sojourn in London, presented a £25 Bank of England note-which, like our own currency, is simply a promise to pay —to the bank for redemption in gold. The bank's custom on these occasions is to require the person present-ing the note to indorse it. "Indorse it!" said Connor, when the rule was read to him. "I don't know about that. I'm a little careful what I in-dorse. This is a note of hand." The astonishment of the official could not easily be depicted in words. "I don't believe I'll indorse it at all. I don't know you. Besides, it ain't neces Give me the gold and take paper." "But, sir, it's our your paper." 'Rut, sir, it's our rule—' 'I don't care anything about your rule. Isn't the paper good." 'Good! Good! Isa Bank of England note good? Are you mad, man? "Well, if fit's good I wan't the money on it." 'Who are you? You must be an American. Quit your funning, man, and indorse it." The official man, and indorse it. The official gasped nearly purple in the face. Connor's countenance did not change a muscle. "I'll not indorse it," he said. "And as it's a genuine note, if you don't pay it I'll protest it." "Protest it! Protest the Bank of Evdent". England? Good heavens!" Yes, The protest it, and before night," elerk climbed down from his stool and ran into a back room. He returned immediately with two elderly officials, all three greatly excited. Connor calmly reduced the new-comers to a panic by repeating his threat, and after enjoying the spectacle feigned a sudden understanding of the case and indersed the note and got his

POTOMAC Boat Club Fair-Tickets every-GREATEST scheme of the day-\$10,00 Secure your tickets -- Perquase Boat Club Fair.

What a chance—the \$10,000 house.

FORTUNES IN PAINTINGS. Some Interesting Facts About the Metropolitan Galleries.

New York Graphic: The sales at he present Water Color exhibition include several Important works. W M. Magrath has sold his picture, "A Bacchia Dance," occupying the place of honor, for \$2,500. T. W. Wood has sold his "When We Were Boys Together" for \$1,250. Henry Farray the secretary of the spriety, has sold

two pictures, one at \$1,000 and the

other at \$700,

With all this, American art is not appreciated in New York. The most extensive buyers of New York pictures tive elsewhere. Mr. Hull of Elmira has a fine collection. One of the best in the country is owned by Edward Leighton of Milwaukee, Another appreciator of American art, whose appreciation is practically exwhose appreciation is practically expressed, is Sir George Stevens of Montreal. Sir Daniel Smith also buys largely here. Such examples of titled appreciation ought to impress our swells, but, so far most of the pictures sold in New York are to people who are buying only a few pictures for their own gratification rather than to found galeries. eries. There is one comfort, and that is that as our people come to under-stand more about art they will grow in appreciation of American pictures. That is why, despite the slights put upon them, our painters, all who are worth mentioning, want free trade in pictures. They are sure of their own New York is really becoming on

of the great art centres of the world. One of the first dealers in the city with exceptional chances for knowing, calculates that more than \$10 000,000 are invested here in pie tures in private galleries. The purchases made during the las lifteen years show a great advance in intelligent acquaintance with art. We no longer go in for the Titlans and Rubens and Van Dykes and Raphaels of shady origin that used to adorn our best parlors. Travel abroad has taught us some things as well as made

fools of its in some others.

The pictures in eighteen private galleries in New York are actually worth and could any time be sold to dealers for \$6,000,000. These colle tions are almost altogether modern Frenchmen are more prominently represented in them than painters of

any other nationality.
That of the late William H. Vanderbit is the biggest and costlicst private collection in the country. It has three Meissoniers, three Millets, two Corots and several examples each of Diaz, Dupre, De Neuville Gerome, Detaille, Rosa Bonbeur, Munkaesy, Millais, Breton and Schreyer. In all

there are about 200 pictures.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a gallery worth something like \$500,-000. Alma Tadema, Alfred Stevens, Rousseau and Fromentin have painted some of his best pictures, Frenchmen again taking the lead, you see. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts has a col-

lection of about the same value and much the same character as Cornelius Vanderbilt's. She has also some American pictures. F. M. Church's "Sunset in the Tropics," for instance, but they represent a period of American art that our artists to-day don't think much of and sum up under the name of the "Hudson River School." Jay Gould doesn't say much about

it, but he has 200 pictures well worth \$400,000. He has been adding considerably to his collection during the last free years. He bongs of the few morgan sale, and was add of the few rich men who semured anything on the suppressionist pictures brought over by M. Durand Ruel.

Among his pictures is a Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs," a superb Diaz, a Rousseau and of course the inevitable Bouguereau.

Bouguereau doesn't interest the painters here much. They admit he can draw, but they have no enthus asm for him; but then be certainly has got the rich people in New York on his side. They think that to be truly respectable they have got to own a Bouguereau. Most New Yorkers, for that matter, think that his 'Nymphs," in front of Ed. Stokes's Judge Hilton, August Belmont, Thomas R. Batler, John Jacob Astor and W. W. Astor are among other owners of fine collections of pictures, worth from \$250,000 to \$350,000.

Mr. Belmont's is especially notice-able because of its high average of merit, all the pictures, most of which are from the painters already men-tioned, being selected with care and unusual intelligence and not a poor canvas being in the lot.
Other valuable collections are Jere

miah Millbanks, worth \$150,000; Albert Spencer's, worth \$250,000; Jared M. Fisk's, worth \$100,000; William Rockafeller's, worth \$300,000; Heber K. Bishop's, worth \$150,000, and D. O. Mills', valued at \$200,000.

Subjects for Medical Colleges. EDITOR CRITTE: This outery against rob-bing graves is heard every now and then, and will be repeated as long as anatomy is and will be repeated as long as anatomy is recognized amongst the sciences. Books and engravings cannot teach the student of medicine. To make dissection of dead bodies illegal would, in fifty yea. make anatomy an extinct science. and to what better use can a corpse be put than dissection? The "subjects" available for the dissecting table are generally units for demonstration, outcasts from the poor-house or the hospital, their muscular and peryons systems demonsed or distorted by house or the hospital, their muscular and nervous systems deprayed or distorted by disease. The best disposition of a dead body is cremation or dissection. Many scientific physicians have suggested this in their lectures, and some have bequeathed their bodies to the dissecting table. I know of a college where the skeleton of one of its professors swings over the table of the demonstrator of anatomy.

Games. Washington, Feb. 17. GALEN,

Cats That Could Talk. Cats are said to be less sagacious than ogs. I remember one we had when children who would follow us out into the street, walk behind us to the house where we spent the evening, sit on the deorstep till we came out, and then follow us home. We have had several who could open different fastenings with case. We had one who would fetch and carry like a dog, run after a ball or green apple at any distance, bring it back in its mouth, and do this as often as required. It has been said that dogs have been taught to say different words. We have had cats who would say 'no,' "don't" and "now" as distinctly as persons. I have not the least doubt that almost any animal could be taught some words if continually in the society of one person and petted. Boston Transcript. the street, walk behind us to the house

A BLACK GHOST.

Pray who are you, I should like to know, Old raven on yonder post? (And the bird cawed back: (4) am no I'm an unassuming ghost!

"A ghost." I said: "'tis delicious quite," As I gave my boot a whack. With my cane: "as ghosts are always white. Pray how is it yen are black?"

And ere he fluttered away from the post He wore an expression fervent; And said: "I am black because I'm the of Washington's body servant!"

[R. K. M., in Puck,

## PEARLY FINGER

Fastidious People Who Take Care of Their Hands.

WASHINGTON MANICURES

A Custom That Has Grown Into Great Favor.

The members of the French Legaion have the best kept hands of any nen at Washington.

This is on the authority of a local nunicure, as she addressed berself artistically to the reportorial finger-nails. There's hardly a man in the Embass, whose finger-tips are not as brilliant as mother-of-pearl. They go to manicures as regularly as to bar-bers. Why shouldn't they? Manicuring is a French art, and patriotism alone would lead them to favor it. In this city men are better patrons of manicures than are women.

The artiste des mains drew uside a porcupine-quili portiere and showed a handsomely furnished apartment in which several well-known men were awaiting their born at the manicural "This is our smoking-room," she id. "Our art has found such favor

among the masculine element that it was necessary to provide thus for our men patrons."
"How do you account for the predominance of men among your cus-

'I think it's because women learn the art themselves and practice it at home. Miss Cleveland took a clever way of availing herself of the art. She sent her maid here to be treated. The maid was observing and imitative, and afterward dressed her lady's hand in the most approved fashing. But Miss Cleveland didn't profit much by her ruse, for the maid demanded the wages of skilled labor, and when this

was refused her, gave up her situation and opened manieural parlors. "It's surprising how pretty fingers please even the great of the land. Not long ago a Representative from one of the Gulf States happened into my parlors. Washington civilization had pinched his toes, and, in consequence, he had a corn to be treated.

After I had placed him properly on his feet, he paid me liberally, and said he 'guessed he would harry over and see the President on business. I glanced at his hands, each finger of which carried a much-chewed nail. I suggested that he submit to mani-curing, but as he didn't appear to an-

derstand what I meant, I finished off a finger for him. It took his faucy exactly, and now he exhibits ten glittering gems at his linger-ends whenever he removes his gloves."

The finger-decorative fad has probably reached a higher development in Washington than in any other American city. At a fashionable school in this city nail culture is almost a part of the curriculum, and the boarders are visited regularly by a manicure and instructed in the mys-teries of ungual adornment. Mrs. James Brown Potter was noted while in Washington society for the beauty of her finger-tips, and did much to increase the popularity of this peculiar

Mrs. Cleveland wields her own des ongles, but a public re-ception well, its hand-grasping always undoes much case the manicural work. During Arthur's authorized manicure made legular weekly visite to the White House, and from the time nail-garniture at the Capital dates its greatest popularity.

HINTS TO RIDERS.

What an Accomplished Horseman Say to Aspiring Equestrian

"As a rule you will — t in America," said Lieutenants Fydholm of the Royal Danish cavalry, who is now head instructor of the Riding Academy, "more accomplished horsewomen than borsemen, the ladies showing to better advantage and having a steadier and more regular seat. Why? Because more regular seat. Why? Because the gentlemen think that they understand the art of riding long before they have mounted a horse. A lady should sit in the middle of the saddle, the figure erect, shoulders of an equal height and the elbows near the side. The right leg, by which the weight should be mainly supported must be level from the knee up and lie close to the saddle with the foot turned in. The stirrup should be of such a length as to raise the left le lightly against the leaping born. The hand should follow the motion of the horse's head through the wrist, so that if the horse pulls the reins the hand will remain firm. By keeping the elbow close to the side and the wrist supple you can get the proper

limit of rein. 'A firm, easy hand is difficult to ac quire, but it must be had if you wish to be a good rider. Usually ladies are taught to rise in the saddle. This trick, which was invented or its covered by the English, is very serviceable, where you have a hard trotting horse and don't want to take all the pounding. It can be accom-plished by stretching out the left leg, and keeping time with the horse's movement in your lift from the

"It is a mistake to think that agentleman has a better advantage sitting on a horse than a lady. His seat is on a horse than a lady. It's seat is not near so firm or secure. Every horseman must expect, sooner or later, to be thrown, and the main later, to be thrown, and the main thing at such a time is to keep cool and get yourself clear of the horse. A man keeps his balance with his knees and with the inside of the thigh in the saddle. The ankle must be supple to keep the feet in the stirrups. The heel should be an inch lower than the ball of the foot and the knee slightly bent, so that a perpendicular line from the knee down will just strike behind the toes. Every rider ought to take his first lesson without stirrups, so as not first lesson without stirrups, so as not to learn to depend on them, and a good rider ought to keep his seat with out them as well as with them. In fact, if his legs were cut off at the knees, he should be able to ride with

The first time a lady mounts, or rather tries to mount, is the funniest thing about the learning. She will put her right hand on the pomuel of the saddle, her left on the shoulder of the groom, and her left foot in his hand. He will tell her to give a light spring when he counts three. here he goes, "One, two, three". The lady is not in the saddle, and he wishes he hadn't had his tongue be-tween his teeth when her left knee struck his chin.

THE \$10,000 house is at 1418 Fifteenth street.

Poromac Boat Club Fair, February 23 to March 10. Poromac Boat Club Fair, February 23 to March 10.